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*Contagion....*Contagion always accompanies it.

INOCULATED COW-POX.

*General character....*Uniformly mild, inoffensive, free from pain or danger, and an infallible preventative of the small-pox.

*Mortality....*Never fatal.

*Danger.....*No danger.

*Contagion....*Not contagious.

An Illustration in favour of Vaccine Inoculation.

By observing, that the going through small-pox, in the casual way, by the inoculation of it, and by exciting the cow-pox, in place of the small-pox, might be compared to crossing a river in three different ways.

1. By swimming, or wading through it, by which 97 out of 1000 perished.

2. By going over in boats; in which from six to nine per thousand were lost, and

3. By means of a bridge, on the passage of which neither adult nor child perished; not an individual; except from such casualties as might operate in other situations.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

CREDULITY is the growth of every country, where correct views of things do not prevail, and where mankind will not think and reflect. Our country has been disgraced by the proceedings of the witch of Carnmoney and her dupes, where the effects of credulity and superstition were so tragically exemplified. An instance of a similar, or rather grosser delusion, has occurred in England, as appears from an account prefixed to a *sermon against witchcraft, preached in the parish church of Great Paxton, in the county of Huntingdon, July 17, 1808, by the Rev. Isaac Nicholson A. M. curate.* It is no less useful to give a record of the follies and vices, than of the wisdom and virtue of mankind.

A brief account of the attack on the person of an Izzard, and the circumstances which led to it, in the year 1593, an indelible mark of infamy was stamped upon the inhabitants of Warboys, in the county of Huntingdon, for their folly and wick-

edness in carrying to trial, and afterwards to execution three of their unfortunate parishioners for the alleged offence of witchcraft. The better informed part of the community may believe that the doctrine of witchcraft has long been exploded, and that it does not in this enlightened age, disgrace even the lowest orders of the people of England; but the following statement of facts, will convince them of their mistake, and allowing for the difference of science and civilization, will show that Great Paxton, in the same county, is more than upon a level with Warboys for ignorance, credulity, and barbarity.

In the afternoon of Wednesday the seventeenth of February last, Alice Brown, a young woman of Great Paxton, imprudently ventured across the ice which then covered the surface of the Ouse. A thaw of some hours had rendered the ice unsafe, and she had not walked many yards upon it, before it gave way, and let her into the river. From this perilous situation she providentially extricated herself, and reached the opposite bank, where her friend Fanny Amey, scarcely less terrified than herself at what had happened, stood anxiously waiting for her. Shivering and frightened she hastened to her father's house, about a quarter of a mile from the river, and almost as soon as she entered it, was seized with a strong epileptic fit. Fanny Amey had been subject to epilepsy for several months previous to this period, and therefore it is not at all surprising that she should be sympathetically affected, and fall into similar convulsions.

Alice Brown did not speedily get over the effects of her fright; her distressing fits returned at short intervals, and disqualified her for every kind of work; indeed she was so much reduced by them, that her friends began to despair of her recovery. Inquiring after the state of her health on the 5th of April, I was astonished and grieved to hear from her brother that her fits, weakness, and dejection were ascribed to the effect of witchcraft. "She is under an ill tongue," said the youth. "As sure as you are alive, Sir," continued the man who stood by, "she is

bewitched, and so are two other girls that live near her. There is a man in the town I came from, in Bedfordshire, who is exactly like Alice Brown; he could do no work, lost all his strength, and was wasting away very fast, when a person told him what was the matter with him, and how he might be cured. He filled a bottle with a particular kind of a fluid, stuffed the cork both top and bottom with pins, set it carefully in an oven of a moderate heat, and then observed a profound silence. In a few minutes the charm succeeded, for he saw a variety of forms flitting before his eyes, and amongst the rest the perfect resemblance of an old woman who lived in the same parish. This was what he wanted; he was now satisfied who it was that had injured him, and that her reign would soon be over: the woman, whose figure he saw, died in a few days, and the man immediately recovered. Thomas Brown tried this charm last night for his daughter, and, though a strange noise was distinctly heard twice by his wife, who was in bed with the poor girl, it did not succeed according to our wishes, so they have not at present found out who it is that does all the mischief."

If I was shocked at this man's absurdity and superstition, I was infinitely more so to understand it was the general opinion of the people that Alice Brown, Fanny Amey and Mary Fox were certainly bewitched by some person who had purchased a familiar or an evil spirit of the devil, at the expense of his own soul; and that a variety of charms and experiments had been tried to discover who it was.

When the public service of the day was over, I called on Fanny Amey and Alice Brown. It was not in my power to judge from the countenance of the former, that any thing was the matter with her; she was perfectly collected, and looked the picture of health. Alice Brown was asleep in bed, and therefore I did not see her. At both houses I endeavoured to explain to the relations and friends of the young women, that it was an utter impossibility for one human creature to injure the health of another, by any invisible and preternatural process; entreated them to discountenance notions so wild and irrational, and

begged them to try other means than senseless charms to recover their children.

A few minutes before I went into church on the following Sunday, Ann Izzard, a poor woman of Great Paxton, requested leave to speak with me. In tears, and greatly agitated, she told me her neighbours pretended they had discovered, by means of certain charms, that she was a witch, and blamed her for the fits and illness of Alice Brown, Fanny Amey and Mary Fox; she said they threatened to punish her, abused her children, and frightened her so much that she frequently dropped on the ground in fainting fits, and concluded with asserting her innocence in these words: "I am not a witch, I am willing to prove it by being weighed against the church bible*."

After the sermon, I addressed the congregation upon the subject, pointed out the folly of their opinions, the fatal consequences which might result from brooding over them, and tried to persuade them, that, although they might be weak enough to suppose there was no harm in laying violent hands on a woman, they madly called a witch, yet the laws of their country would view their conduct in a very different light.

But argument, explanation, and remonstrance were in vain; the mania had taken full possession of them, and was only to be cured or restrained by the powerful arm of the law.

On Thursday, the 5th of May, Ann Izzard was at St. Neots-market: and it so happened that her son, about sixteen years old, was sent the same day to St. Neots, by his master, a respectable farmer† of Great Paxton, for a

* Ann Izzard is a little woman, about sixty years of age, and by no means ill looking; she has eight children, five are now living.

† John Bidwell, the person here alluded to, and his wife, have been the steady friends of Ann Izzard in her affliction. They have been very instrumental in keeping her from the horrors of despair. Instead of being commended, however, they have been abused and pointed at for their humanity. Be it so now; this will prove no bar to their good actions being recorded to their everlasting honour at the tribunal of God.

load of corn. One of the horses which drew the cart was young and unmanageable, and in going down the hill which leads to the village of Paxton, by his plunging and restiveness, overturned it. By this unfortunate accident the shopkeeper's grocery was materially damaged, and because Ann Izzard had repeatedly advised her not to put the basket upon the sacks, she charged her with overturning the cart, by means of her infernal art, on purpose to spoil her goods. It will scarcely be credited, that in an hour after, the whole parish was in an uproar. "She has just overturned a loaded cart with as much ease as if it had been a spinning wheel," was echoed from one end of it to the other. Men, women and children raised their voices and exclaimed, "we have now proof positive of her guilt; this last act, in open day, speaks for itself; she is the person that does all the mischief; if something is not done to put a stop to her baseness, there will be no living in the place." Nor did this extraordinary fit of frenzy terminate till they had made two attacks upon her, which, atrocious as they appear to me, are considered by themselves as not only justifiable, but highly meritorious. The dark and uninstructed Caffarian would look upon such actions as a perpetual scandal to himself, and an everlasting disgrace to his country.

A considerable number of people assembled together as it grew dark, on Sunday evening the eighth of May, and taking with them the young woman ridiculously supposed to be bewitched, about ten o'clock proceeded to the cottage of Wright Izzard, which stands alone, at some distance from the body of the village. When they arrived at this solitary spot, so favourable for the execution of their villainous designs, they broke into the poor man's house, dragged his wife out of bed, and threw her naked into the yard, where her arms were torn with pins, her head was dashed against the large stones of the causeway: and her face, stomach, and breast, were severely bruised with a thick stick, that served as a bar to the door. Having thus satiated themselves, the mob dispersed. The woman then crawled into her

house, put her clothes on, and went to the constable, who said, "he could not protect her, because he was not sworn." The humanity, protection, and assistance, which she could not find at the constable's, very happily for herself, she found under the roof of a poor widow. The compassionate and honest Alice Russel unlocked her door at the first call, wrapped up her neighbour's bleeding arms with the nicest linen rags she had, affectionately sympathized with and comforted her, and gave her a bed. But with the deepest grief I relate it, the compassion and kindness of this poor woman were the means of shortening her days. "The protectors of a witch are just as bad as the witch, and deserve the same treatment," cried the infatuated populace the next morning. The envenomed shaft flew direct to its mark, and the widow Russel neither eat nor slept again*.

On the evening of Monday the ninth of May, Ann Izzard was a second time dragged out of her house, and a second time were her arms torn with pins till they streamed afresh with blood. Alive the next morning, and apparently likely to survive this attack also, her enemies resolved to have her ducked as soon as the labour of the day was over. On hearing this she hastily quitted her home, and took refuge in a neighbouring village†, where their inhumanity and malevolence could not reach her.

ISAAC NICHOLSON.

* The widow Russel lived nearly twelve years in my house, during that time I experienced many proofs of her punctuality, fidelity, and honesty; she died a martyr to fear and apprehension, on Friday the 20th of May.

† I have been repeatedly told that eleven people out of twelve in this neighbourhood condemn me for taking Ann Izzard into my house, or in their language, "for harbouring such a wretch." I must acknowledge it is a matter of perfect indifference to me whether they approve or condemn me for showing compassion to a fellow creature in distress. "It may be that the Lord will requite me for their cursing."

11 Samuel, chap. xvi. v. 12.

Little Paxton, July 25th, 1803.